

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Η μὲν ἀρμονία ἀδράτον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἔστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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The managers of theatres and other places of entertainment depending on the public taste for support, may be compared to players at chess, and their game watched with interest. What Bunn's next movement will be after opening his house on the scale of the suburban taverns (but without their generous gratuity of brandy-and-water included in the admission price) we are curious to know. Will he follow the patriotic Arnold to Boulogne? Poor old patriot Arnold, who is now doing penance in France for his attachment to England, sent there by “native talent” and the English operas that he loved “not wisely but too well” must have bitter reflections. We can imagine not a few of them. As he wanders solitarily with his telescope on the heights at Boulogne—or gazes wistfully over the sea from the *Tour d'Ordre*—he thus soliloquizes—“Had I played German and French operas as at first, I might have been free of the Strand at this moment: I might have taken my walk in the park, and eaten my dinner unmolested in Guildford Street. The English operas were a bad move for me—they *moved* me to Boulogne: Loder, Barnett, Thompson, Packer and the *ices* did my business. Of Packer, if revenge were not foreign to my nature, I might say with glee that he is off to

“Thy bay, O Botany!”

but, I forgive. The ‘gentleman pensioner’ of Drury with his lions and his promenade concerts—Hooper with his monkeys and his dogs—Yates with his Bayaderes—all succeed, *all* are at least on English ground. I gave English operas and ices—and here I am—alas! poor Arnold!”

The victim Arnold was not aware that he offered for genuine English bad second-hand imitations of German opera, and he paid for his imprudence. That it was which ruined his concern; had he really sought the honour of England

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instead of the best mode of filling his theatre, he would have gone another way to work, but indeed he did not know how. To Boulogne he therefore led the way, and we suspect it will not be long before he is joined in that pleasant and airy situation by other speculators in music and theatres.

We are anxious to know when the eternal *fracas* of novelties will subside from the exhibitions of the day, and our managers revert to the good old practice of offering solid entertainment for the money paid them. Our concert institutions are in a bad way: were we to give a list of them it would be of the killed, wounded, and dying—witness, British Musicians, Vocal, Ancient, Philharmonic, &c. This is the fruit of a defective original plan; or else of not altering, or altering too much, or at an unfavourable time. The theatres and the musical taverns bear witness that the taste of the mass of the people has advanced. A relish for harmony is now imbibed with “right Nantz” and “old Tom,” and a good band director is as important to Mr. Rouse as a good cellar-man or a magistrate’s license. But amidst all the experiments of music for the people hitherto made, no one has yet thought of catering for the better order of amateurs: no one has ventured upon taking a theatre to exhibit classical operas, in which all the parts should be effectively sustained at moderate prices. We declare that if we had a mind to be ruined with *eclat*, there is no project which to us would involve a failure so glorious, or send us to snuff the air of Boulogne with such real satisfaction, as the one we now mention.

LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Edward Taylor’s first lecture “On the Vocal Harmony of the Italian Schools in the Sixteenth Century,” was delivered on the 11th, and the second of the series on the 18th ult., at the Royal Institution. We regard these lectures as valuable subsidies to the cause of musical taste and knowledge, and are pleased to think, from the probable quality of Mr. Taylor’s audiences at this fashionable establishment, that such good seeds are being sown in a quarter where they are most wanted, as well as most *wanting*. It seems particularly desirable that those whose notions of vocal music may be supposed to be chiefly derived from the modern Italian Opera House, or from Concert Rooms, that only echo its poor squalls, should be made sensible of the existence of other styles of composition and other modes of performance *rather* better entitled to their attention; but most particularly—that they should be made to discover these other styles in the very school of music to which, in its abasement and disgrace, they are attached. Perhaps the name of “Italian music” may win a degree of *toleration* for Mr. Taylor’s specimens of the noble works of Palestrina and Marenzio, which he would in vain solicit, for example, for Purcel, and productions of immortal genius may be listened to with patience for the sake of a, no doubt complimentary, but freely nominal association of them with the dregs of the art; which is as if Milton, hereafter, were read for the love of Muggins, or (not to shift the ground of comparison) as if Petrarch now were endured in compliment to Pepoli! But, by whatever means accomplished, we should rejoice indeed greatly if some respect for the rich old stores of vocal Italy were communicated to those who stand in the position of patrons of music in this country; we should be glad enough if they

“First endured, then pitied, *then embraced*,” and we hope Mr. Taylor’s present course of lectures, which appears to have this object, will also have this result. To say that Mr. Taylor is dealing with a

subject to which he is equal by reason of knowledge, taste, and general acquirement, would be to state his merits in the most niggardly form, yet does even this "stand in some rank of praise" in these times when pretence so outstrips reality, that amongst the arguments for office *qualification* is only one, and not always the most considered. To the office of musical lecturer Mr. Taylor brings something more than bare fitness; his views of the art are not bounded by the art, but embrace all useful relative objects, and his mode of illustrating it by analogy with the other fine arts, is agreeable to what we have so frequently insisted upon as the true test of an intellectual musical capacity. That this style of speculation is any where carried out to a point that can be called philosophical, or that we think it a part of Mr. Taylor's vocation to originate any thing of importance in connexion with the philosophy of music, we do not say; we only mention this feature in his dissertations as an evidence of their thoughtful and well weighed character, and to show that the lecturer, instead of stopping short at the point of conventional sufficiency, is able to lay under contribution the least obvious stores of collateral learning. It is a nice point to hit in lecture-writing--between what is popular and pleasing and what is solid and valuable, and we think Mr. Taylor, on the whole, realizes this medium point better than any musical commentary of the day, and is, in so far, better qualified to lecture, and more calculated to diffuse widely the taste and knowledge which are at present wanting to the musical character of the public. That we cannot always agree with Mr. Taylor in his particular points of critical belief, detracts nothing from our general high appreciation of his public labours. We feel satisfied that in his custody musical taste is *safe*, that the direction given to it must be a good one; and in this confidence we gladly notice the success which appears every where to attend this gentleman's lectures.

Mr. Taylor's introductory lecture commenced with a general view of the state of arts previously to the sixteenth century, and a speculation with regard to the efficacy of commerce in calling them into life, and continually favouring their increase. It is difficult to consent wholly and unreservedly to the proposition that commerce is the natural patron of music. That ease and tranquillity are essential to its existence as an art may be admitted without qualification; that these blessings imply the needful presence of social wealth may be admitted with qualification; that is, it may be confessed, that in a highly civilized—which is as much as to say a highly artificial and corrupted—state of society, wherein all are hurrying on to riches and high place, and not to hurry on is to be trodden down; the *ease* which the prosecution of any of the fine arts demands is, if not solely procurable, yet commonly dependent from wealth and station. But to say that commerce, because it is the undoubted parent of wealth, is therefore the natural foster-mother of music and the other arts which grow on leisure, is perhaps to assert more than can with propriety be assented to. The dependence may be strictly true in fact and as a matter of experience, but should not, we think, be affirmed as an abstract proposition, because the mind can conceive the presence of social refinement and elegance without the assistance of unnatural wants or preposterous inequalities of fortune; and at any rate the connexion is one rather conditionally true than either morally necessary or morally desirable. The spirit of commerce and the spirit of music have nothing in common but what has been imposed by a *third* spirit in human affairs, which every one must desire to see abated. It is not as the minister of pleasure to an unfeeling court, nor as the precarious creature of a purse-proud oligarchy, that music opens her career in the manner most worthy of her own nature and character. But we will not dilate on this theme, further than to repeat our wish that this dependence of music on the extension of commercial spirit and the accumulations of wealth might not be laid down so positively as it usually is, nor without the accompaniment of those reflections which naturally grow out of that admission, and which remove the unfavourable and revolting inferences that are otherwise likely to be drawn from it. We may remark in conclusion that England, the most commercial country of modern Europe, is by all accounts the least musical; while Germany—*poor* and *uncommercial* Germany—furnishes an example equally militating against the theory which would connect the successful pursuit of music with mercantile activity. In England, it may be truly said, that if trade has been the

friend and patron of music, music has amply repaid the obligation! No one will deny the intimate relations of music and trade in this country (what is music with us, in fact, but commerce and manufacture in one?) But it will hardly be affirmed, we think, that music is much beholden to the commercial spirit as an *art*, whatever it may be as an *object of merchandize*. Oh! the pleasant rogueries of the traders—the strokes of genius that we could develope! aye, most new and adventurous. How could we astound the innocent reader with tales of the shop—with “romances of real *musical life*” (for “humbug” in our country attains to the character of the romantic)—the hoax sublime—the glorious puff—the delicate take-in! We have them at our fingers’-ends—rich and recent. But fear not, gentle merchants of music, you shall perhaps not long live in dread of our celebration of your rare exploits. Let other historians do you justice—we have not proved ourselves your equals in the thrifty game, and care not to remain to be arbiters of a music which is made with the jingling of money.

In tracing the progress of vocal music in Italy up to the period when it first assumed the character of an art, Mr. Taylor took occasion to notice the natural causes conducing to the early preference of this over other classes of musical composition. This examination gave rise to some pretty compliments upon the human voice considered as a musical instrument of nature’s making.

“The human voice,” said Mr. Taylor, “considered as the result of a curious, artful, and most elaborate disposition of certain parts of the human frame, capable of producing every variety of tone, whether loud or soft, dissonant or sweet; capable also, of the swiftest alternations of sound, and the most rapid articulation—regulated at the same time in all its impulses by the immediate control of the ear—this wonderful musical instrument was as naturally perfect in the remotest ages, and the most uncivilized nations of the world, as it is at the present moment, when its powers are called into action, and fully developed by the most practised and accomplished singer. The instruments fashioned by the hand of man receive continual improvement by the skill and experience of successive artists: those of the age to which I refer, were comparatively rude and imperfect, and our own experience tells us how much the mechanical construction of instruments has been amended. But the human voice came from the hands of its Maker a perfect instrument, varying, like every other faculty with which man is endowed, in power and quality; and also (like every other corporeal or mental faculty) capable of an endless advance towards perfection in its employment. The perfection of this instrument, therefore, while all others were rude, rendered it the most available to the service and the wants of the composer, and this was another reason for the early cultivation of vocal harmony.”

On the subject of music as an universal language, capable of outlasting all the other monuments of human genius, the lecturer indulged in reflections not a little calculated to gratify the self-love of the musicians.

“Mysterious sympathy! which thus unites in one common bond, ages so remote, and nations so distant, which forms one close and sacred brotherhood of men far removed from any other connexion or affinity, and which, while hostile sovereigns were contending for victory or empire, and devastating the fairest fields of Europe, united their subjects in peaceful communion of spirit, and in fraternal agreement of purpose. Nor is this wondrous sympathy confined to those who called it into action: its influence is universal, its agency unlimited. Like the subtle fluid whose rapid vibration darts through the human frame without the loss either of quantity or strength, and with a swiftness that eludes even the glance of the eye—its power knows neither abatement or limit. If three centuries ago, Palestrina assembled around him the choir of the Pope’s Chapel, and revealed to them in the creations of his own genius, the power of music over the heart, the same sensations which they felt, are our’s—the source of their wonder and delight will still be the source of our’s. Our hearts will glow, our pulses will quicken, our eyes will glisten as their’s did; and so on through succeeding generations, its spirit suffering no evaporation, nor its power suffering the slightest diminution by transmission through ages however remote. The voice of musical genius alone, neither falters nor changes by passing from clime to clime, or from age to age. Such as it was, it is, and such it shall be hereafter. The poetry of a nation is its own peculiar and exclusive possession; in a new language, its freshness vanishes, its vigour declines, its fragrance evaporates. The colours of the picture fade, or accident destroys the entire work. The architecture of ancient Greece and Rome is known only by its ruins. The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces—the solemn temples of those great nations are dissolved, or there remains of them but “a wreck behind.” Mutilated statues, headless trunks, and severed limbs, are the melancholy relics of a sculpt-

tor's skill; but no such destruction awaits the monuments of our art, no such hindrances exist to the perennial enjoyment of music. Her language is the same, and is perpetuated and conveyed by means of the same symbols, throughout the whole civilised world; against her the attacks of time are directed in vain. We have not, as in other arts, to conjecture by a ruined arch, or a solitary limb, what were the fair proportions of the entire work. The product of the musician's genius stand before us perfect and entire—its symmetry as complete, its colours as fresh as when it came from his own hands."

Some deductions are to be made, perhaps, from this flattering account of the immortality of musical works. It may be suggested that if music itself be qualified for immortality, yet the vehicle or medium of its transmission to distant times is mortal. Who now can decypher rightly the relics of the Greek music—music, by the confession of its native historians, dependent in an essential manner on rhythmical cadence, yet denuded of rhythm? Grant that the real strains of that music, now reaching our ears, would delight them not less than they delighted the ears of Greece herself, that they would sound as freshly, and appeal to our sympathies as strongly, as they did to the feelings even of those who gave them existence—yet have we not the melancholy fact to lament, that they have perished through the perishableness of their outward form? The painted canvas wears out, and we pore in vain over lines once conspiring to shapes of beauty and glory. And do we not also linger to no purpose over the cypher of a forgotten music—unable to recal the sounds which enraptured another age, for want of a clue to the system of their expression? Even the experience of a few *hundred* years would seem as conclusive as that of as many thousands, as to the precarious tenure, at least, on which music holds this presumed lease of her immortality; for when at much pains (never better bestowed) various of our old English madrigals were brought to light a few years ago, having till then existed only in obscure MSS., it was, and still is, a doubtful matter how they should be performed, and although the manner of their treatment by the Madrigal and other societies, is unquestionably productive of the most charming effect that can be imagined, we believe it is generally admitted to be a very gratuitous edition of these works, of which no traditional version exists. If music could be transmitted from age to age by a safe and certain medium—which has yet to be realized—then we should be better able to judge of its durability *per se*. We are disposed to think that some sorts of music can never "go out," as they say of fashions; of others, of course, we should be very sorry to think they could ever *stay in*. We find Sebastian Bach's works growing instead of waning in estimation, after the lapse of a century and a half, and there appears something about compositions of a certain character which renders them invulnerable to the shocks of time—something that seems to concern the very principles of our nature, and to hold us by our most secret sympathies. Nevertheless there come grave misgivings athwart these more confident thoughts, when we reflect that concords, now deemed excellent, were once held inadmissible in musical systems, while those alone were cultivated which at present all ears repudiate. Are we to believe that musical taste is without principles, fluctuating and indeterminate, and that our likings and dislikings are the mere fruits of habit and association? Poetry and painting were weighed in the same scales before the times of Pope Gregory, as since; but we should with difficulty consent to measure the merit of a musical performance by the rules which obtained in the days of that excellent pontiff. Perfect harmony is no longer identical with perfect fifths. Nor is it to be forgotten in calculating the durability of musical systems, that time has not yet been afforded for the experiment. We know that the harmonies of Palestrina afford as much delight now, to ears worthy of them, as ever they could do at any previous time; but this is the utmost that we know. We do not know that the music of the Greeks could afford us any pleasure, though we may please ourselves in thinking so. Proof is wanting of the immortality of any particular musical system, though not of music itself. In the mean time Homer and Phydias, with all the disadvantages incidental to their arts—the death of languages and the decay of stone—have lived on, by transmission, through half the age of the world—and, in the case of Homer, we may safely say, we are not much distanced by Alexander himself in our power of enjoying

that poet. After all, the reader will probably remain of opinion that music is what it has been called—an universal language, and that, *in one dialect or another*, that language will in all time go to the heart by the swiftest road. We believe it most potently of the art in general, and only seek to be better assured of the durability of its particular forms.

The gradations of musical experience leading from the hard working times of dry science, and the mere mathematics of music, to the period when *pleasure* began to claim a place in the art, were described by Mr. Taylor in an interesting manner, and the true medium between scientific display and the pursuit of the pleasurable was well indicated. As a specimen of the manner in which the musical writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries regarded their art, he quoted a passage from a treatise of Zarlino, entitled "Institutioni Harmoniche."

"A musician," says this writer, "should have a knowledge of arithmetic for the calculation of musical proportions—of geometry, to measure them—of the monochord and harpsichord, to try experiments and effects. He should be able to tune instruments, to sing with correctness, and should perfectly understand counterpoint. He should be a grammarian, that he may write correctly and set words with propriety—be well read in history—a master of logic, that he may reason upon and investigate the more abstruse parts of it—and to these sciences he should add acquaintance with natural philosophy and the philosophy of sound."

But the lecturer did justice to the claims of musical science. It must be obvious to all minds that nothing deserving the name of *science* can possibly be otherwise than a valuable and essential acquirement. Science is *knowledge*, and "knowledge is power;" without science a musician is powerless. Science is *abused* only by those who want genius to discover its proper employment. In the hands of a dullard it turns to pedantry; but, in such hands, what can turn to good account? Science is the basis of all art; half the musical reputations of this country have given way and come toppling down, like ill-constructed tenements, for want of this necessary groundwork.

"To construct canons of difficult solution," said the lecturer, "was the prime object of a student's ambition, and however contemptuously these efforts of patient industry may be regarded by the ignorant or indolent votaries of the art, the study of them is indispensable to the formation of a good contrapunctist; at least, I know of no writer of first-rate excellence who has not left upon record proofs of the attention which he has bestowed on this laborious pursuit. Those who affect to despise such exercises, resemble the half-bred scholars who have never troubled themselves with the acquisition of either prosody or syntax. They were formerly regarded as the *end*—they are now considered as among the means employed for the production of musical effects, and are only really valuable in proportion as they conduce directly or indirectly to such a result."

We have no room to notice Mr. Taylor's second lecture, which took place last Thursday. It treated, but did not exhaust, the subject of the Roman school, and chiefly did honour to Palestrina, from whose works selections were performed. That which takes place to-day is to conclude the Roman and to pass to the Neapolitan school. These schools of vocal music, into which the lecturer has divided his general subject, are five in number, those we have not mentioned being the schools of Venice, Lombardy, and Florence.

THE SPANISH SLAVES.

An Opera in Three Acts.

BY R. H. HORNE,

Author of Cosmo de Medici; the Death of Marlowe, &c. &c.

ACT I.—SCENE IV.

(Continued from page 211.)

(*Outside of the Castle of Don Colonia. Sentinels are on the ramparts. Trumpets without sound a retreat. The walls are manned.*)

[Enter CARLOS and LUCIO, in haste, with drawn swords.]

CAR. Cast wide the gates! Our soldiers are repulsed!

(*Trumpets sound a retreat. The Castle gates are thrown open. A Clash of arms without.*)

LUC. The Saracens advance to storm the castle !
CAR. Enter, and bar the gates !

(CARLOS, LUCIO, and Soldiers hurry into the Castle. *Trumpets, gong, and cymbals without.*)

[Enter MASSORA, SOLMAR, and Saracen Soldiers. *The Castle gates are instantly closed.*]

MASS. Stand to your arms !—be prompt to intercept the fugitives and cut off their retreat ! (*To the garrison of the castle.*) Dastards ! ye have done well to shelter your heads in stone, and leave your lord without the close-barred gates ! Full well I know he hath not entered yet.

[Enter DON COLONIA, at the head of a small party of soldiers.]
COL. We are too late !

[Enter SILVANO, who snatches a cloak from one of the Spanish soldiers, and casting it over DON COLONIA, hurries him aside. MASSORA advances.]

MASSORA, *recitative.*

Cast down your arms ! strike not another blow,
Or, in one silent stream your lives shall flow ;
Obey !

COLONIA.

O, forward ! to be slain, or slay !
I will not live despised.

SILVANO.

Stand—stand aside—wear this disguise—
Thou hast not yet been recognized !

COLONIA.

Shades of a patriot line, arise !

MASSORA, *aria.*

[*Trumpets and cymbals in symphony.*]

With scymetars flashing
'Mid sun-beams, and clashing

In mockery against the mail'd forms of the dead,

Our hatred shall gladden,

While conquer'd foes madden,

And, following our banners, to slavery are led !

Chorus of Saracens.

All we see shall be our's !

Let us trample their towers !

Our squadrons like clusters of stars throng the fields,
And the blue mountains burn in the disk of our shields.

COLONIA, *aria.*

Oh, black be heaven's morning

With anguish and scorning,

That infidel vaunts echo thus in my halls !

SILVANO.

Stand close ! in disguises,

High fortune best rises !

MASSORA.

Away with the prisoners, and then storm the walls !

[Enter ALMENA, upon the ramparts.]

ALMENA, *recitative.*

Ye wretched slaves, where have ye left your lord

My father ! Speak ; where is he ?

MASSORA, SOLMAR, and *Chorus.*

Low in the sward
His valour hath cower'd,
And his red-ripe pride
The sword hath devour'd,

ALMENA.

Colonia!—my father! ye gates, open wide!
Avenge him—avenge him—or sleep by his side!

Quintette.

COLONIA, ALMENA, SILVANO, SOLMAR, and MASSORA.

Where should valour sleep,
And honour's vigil keep,
While captive maidens weep?
Its ghost should rather rise
In the dark rampired skies,
With lightning in its eyes!

Finale.

COLONIA.

How shall I bear this?

SILVANO.

As a warrior his targe.

MASSORA.

Colonia! where is he?—prepare for the charge.

FULL CHORUS.

Prepare for the charge.

ALMENA.

And is he then slain?

COLONIA.

O, heart, once so large,

Wilt thou burst this disguise, or gush forth like the rain?

ALMENA.

Deep curses, Massora, thy best hopes betide!

Avenge ye Colonia! or sleep by his side!

A sally is made by the besieged. The Saracens are beaten back, but bear off Don Colonia prisoner.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHANN NEPOMUK SCHELBLE,

*Late Director of the Cecilian Society at Frankfort.**

Schelble was born on the 16th May, 1789, at Hoffingen, in the Black Forest, where his father was superintendent of the House of Correction. He was the only son of a large and not particularly musical family. The father indeed knew enough to communicate the first notions on the pianoforte; but in early childhood the boy exhibited so little inclination for music that Eisele, the singing-master, excluded him from the class for singing (a proof that this may be done too hastily). The chaplain of the place, Schlosser, however, patronised the rejected one, and so well instructed him that he soon bore fruit, and was received

* Choral singing is so decided a feature of the music of the day, that we conceive the history of the man (a dramatic singer!) who founded one of the earliest and most important choral societies in Europe, over which Mendelssohn, Ferdinand Ries, and Spohr have by turns presided, to be not altogether unsuggestive or unprofitable. If the world were destitute of such men as Schelble, who supplied the place of genius by a passionate love for his art, and kept a great society together despite all its various tempers and humours, by the mere force of this love, and the moral influence of his personal character, the high art of composition would languish. A man who could effect such an object was no common one;—music is indebted to his friendly exertions, and gratefully records his name in the scroll of her favourite sons.

into the choir of the convent at Marchthal, where he had clothing and a solid musical education free of expense. On the dissolution of the convent in 1803, Schelble returned to his family and was entered into a school for music near Donaueschingen, patronised by the princes of Furstenberg. Here he had an opportunity of improving himself as a singer and pianoforte player under the excellent tuition of Weisse, pupil of the celebrated singing-master Raff of Munich, and though mere correctness and nothing beyond was taught in this school, yet he made a solid advance in it. In such studies he consumed the early period of youth, but by his 18th year he had attained such an insight into and readiness in the practice of composition, that he began to look out for a master with whom he could prosecute deeper researches. With this view he left the paternal house in 1807, to place himself with the Abbé Vogler at Darmstadt. At Stuttgart he met with the court singer Krebs, who formed a great attachment to him, and who advised him to remain and accept of a similar appointment to his own. It was at this place that Schelble commenced his important career as a teacher.

In 1813 he went to Vienna, a perfect master of the laws of composition, competent to express his ideas in a full orchestra, and to comprehend, by a hasty glance at a score, the full intention of an author. He gave evidence also of no inconsiderable inventive talent in several songs, instrumental pieces, and even in a complete opera composed by him. His high attainments in singing led him to the stage, but through his deficiency as an actor, the breadth and grandeur of his style made at first but a slight impression. He, however, got an engagement at Pressburg, at which a company was just forming. At the expiration of his term Schelble returned to Vienna, and this period of his life, in which he continued a diligent student, and enjoyed the intimacy of the great masters who were there collected, Beethoven, Weigl, Spohr, Moscheles, &c., had the highest influence upon him. He studied the ancient scores as perseveringly as he did those of Mozart and Beethoven. The presence of the Congress, which at that time drew every thing celebrated to the imperial city, afforded unusual opportunities for musical pleasure; and all that he heard, even the bad, vulgar music of the day, created in him the desire to popularise more exalted views of art. The object of his life was decided; there wanted only a sphere in which to commence his exertions. In Vienna he had already lived a year without a prospect of the desired opening; he, therefore, in 1816, went to Prague and Berlin, at both of which cities he performed at the opera without receiving any engagement. He at length reached Frankfort, where, after a few performances as a guest, he was permanently engaged as first tenor.

Schelble was much admired as a singer during his career at the Frankfort Opera. The tenor parts in the *Zauberflöte*, *Titus*, *Entführung*, *Faust*, &c., have seldom been so well sustained. His position as a singer gained him the intimacy of many considerable persons, while his manly, honourable character secured their friendship. In the midst of his success an obstinate attack of rheumatic gout forbade his appearance on the stage, and to this was added a hoarseness, which, having been injuriously treated in the first instance, became permanent, and was only relieved after a long time by the exertions of a friendly physician. These accidents turned the thoughts of Schelble more immediately towards his project of a choral society, to which there were other incitements. His instruction was much sought after, and he therefore collected his pupils in the houses of some wealthy families for the purpose of getting up operas. In 1817 he was appointed director of a musical society already existing, but here he was rather deceived in his expectations, for this society gave balls as well as musical performances, and in the course of a year he resigned. With renewed energy, however, he devoted himself to the prosecution of his favourite project, and on the 23rd of July, 1818, a musical society, consisting at first of only twenty members, was instituted and placed under his superintendance. This was the foundation of a building that in the course of the following eighteen years rose to great eminence. At the first concert on the 28th of October the *Zauberflöte* was performed before a small auditory. For greater choral works it was necessary to increase the strength, but this was speedily done; on the 22nd of November fifty members performed a cantata of Schelble's own; on the 30th of

January in the next year Mozart's Requiem was given; and on the 18th of April a mass by the same master was performed in a church by seventy-three members. Except the last, the performances were accompanied by a pianoforte only, but the competency of Schelble to direct a musical society was by this means the more strikingly attested. Players more brilliant in their execution may have existed, but a purer, firmer, more even touch—a more expressive development of the peculiar spirit of a composition, far removed from the affected emphasis and piquant *ritardando* and *accelerando* of modern style—a more faithful translation of a composition, so that nothing even of its colouring or instrumentation is lost that a pianoforte can render—in a word, a more elevated, magnificent style of playing we never heard. It was naturally in conformity with the style of pieces performed by the society, rather of the powerful kind; but there wanted not occasions on which the effects of a graceful instrumentation might be enjoyed. The coolness with which he sat before the score, hearing the whole through and through, so that nothing erroneous or out of tune escaped him, added to his excellent examples of singing (far more valuable than mere playing and talking), all these advantages, seldom united in one individual, stamped his efficiency as a director.

The society naturally increased; works of Handel, Mozart, Cherubini, and Bach were executed by it; and as Schelble had closed his dramatic career in 1819, he began to devote his time entirely to it. There wanted only for him the means of a modest subsistence; and in the summer of 1821 thirty of the richest members met, and contracted with him a ten years' engagement. The institution was now called the Cecilian Society. At this time Schelble married Fraulein Molli Müller of Königsberg. Handel's works became the principal study of the society, but those of other masters were not forgotten: the smaller pieces of Sebastian, Bach, and of the old Italian school, Palestrina, Durante, Scarlatti, Lotti, &c., were occasionally executed; it was Handel, however, that brought the society to perfection about the year 1828. As it had been advancing quietly and securely in public favour, Schelble thought proper to go a step farther, and procure orchestral assistance. Mozart's *Davidde Penitente* and the credo of Bach's mass in B minor were performed in the spring of 1828 with orchestral accompaniment. It was the intention of the director, as the members were now sufficiently improved, to make the works of that great German master, who has painted the highest idea of man in his deep-felt representations of Christ—Sebastian Bach—a principal object of the study of the society. Though duly prepared for this, there were not wanting some (and it can hardly be wondered at) who found the practice of the five-part mass exceedingly difficult, and expressed a wish to return to more familiar works; and yet there was not one who did not give the persevering director warm thanks for his steady endeavours to lead the hearer into an unknown world of beauty and feeling. The Passion according to St. Matthew succeeded the mass; it was admirably performed on the 2nd May, 1829—a memorable evening; the execution was rendered complete by Schelble's performance of the recitative of Christ and the Evangelist. The connoisseur public were highly delighted, and there wanted not even calls for repetition.

Amidst the like devoted and praiseworthy exertions the ten guaranteed years flew by. Speculations were afloat as to the probable fate of the society, and a dangerous crisis did in truth appear to be approaching. Schelble was, however, not the man to let his favourite work sink for a pecuniary consideration—he continued at his own expense, without letting altered circumstances have the least influence on the society. The future was left to hope, and the performances with a full orchestra were proceeded with, but between them a certain number of smaller concerts, accompanied by the pianoforte, were given.

In his latter years Schelble was accustomed to collect at his own house, weekly, a select circle of the members of the society, and to peruse with them unknown compositions, both old and new, which were frequently afterwards studied by the society at large. Another favourite project with which he was occupied about the same time, was that of forming an amateur instrumental society, to correspond and unite with the vocal one, and so afford them securely the assistance which had before rather precariously depended upon professors

and their freedom from engagements. Among all the services performed by Schelble to the rising generation, his method of teaching singing stands pre-eminent. And though the principles of his method did not originate with himself, his peculiar application of them contributed wonderfully to facilitate the difficulties of choral singing. His pupils acquired not merely the power of reading difficult compositions correctly, but wherever the perception of tones was not quite desired (a less frequent accident than it is taken to be), he enabled the person to hear and to take any part in the harmony as easily as the most simple melody. He required only that the studies should be commenced young and prosecuted with method, the progress of the first tones being well fixed in the mind before the pupil proceeded further. Studies in melody corresponded with and followed those made in harmony; and although Schelble was not long permitted to take himself personally an active part in the work of teaching, the groundwork was his. Pupils, both male and female, carried out his plans, and the excellence of his method has now found general approbation.

The health of this musician began to decline in 1837. In the autumn of that year he revisited the Black Forest, to try the effect of his native air in restoring his shattered frame, deputing the duties of his office to Herr Poyt, and after him to Mendelssohn and Ferdinand Hiller. Schelble died on the 7th of August of the same year. The society, who deeply regretted him, thought they could show no higher respect to his memory than by putting the institution under one who would carry it forward upon his own plan. Ries was therefore chosen, but he too died within a year. The future directorship of the society remains open.

RIVAL ARTISTS.

Among the rhetorical figures of the prize-ring, many of which are applauded by literary judges for a rude felicity of expression, scarcely imitable beyond the circle in which they originate, is one that always struck us as of peculiar merit. This is the saying—"to take the shine out of a man." Originally applied to the description of a defeated hero, it, as it were by a dash of the pen, presented to the reader's imagination two complete and powerful contrasts—the gaiety and confidence of a combatant at the commencement of a contest, and the gradual humility of his deportment, as he succumbed to the discipline of an antagonist superior in skill and prowess. The same metaphor has been used to paint a variety of other discrepancies, as—between the appearance of a hunter fresh from the stable and after running thirty miles under a fat rider—between a bridegroom on the morning of his marriage and six months after it—in fact, either in men or in animals, wherever alertness is followed by despondency—a mercurial and jovial habit, by an inclination for the cowl and the cloister, writers belonging to the "fancy" say "the shine has been taken out."

It is a condition of existence, that we know not whether to laugh at or grieve over, that all who have pretensions (and who has not a secret vanity on some score, no matter how slight?) are sure to have the full blown bladders of their conceit flapped about their ears pretty smartly some day or other. Hazlitt, who, as a philosopher and a vain person himself, was the better able to anatomise the feelings in which admiration originate, used to say, "we think very highly of one man's talent until we find it surpassed by that of another, and then we think nothing of the first." And this is true. Admiration is a tacit admission of inferiority, and the payment of it is never very gratifying to human pride—it is rather extorted as an acknowledgement of truth, than bestowed as a voluntary grace, and, therefore, nothing is more repugnant than the idea of placing it upon an unworthy object. The expression of *Caliban*, when he finds out that *Stephano*, whom he has been worshipping, is a mere sot—"What a beast was I to take this drunkard for a god," is perfectly true to nature.

But no people are fated to endure more painful rubs than the solo players in the orchestra—in this respect it is a school of virtue. There they are obliged not only to stand still to be vanquished, but to applaud the vanquisher. If Jenkins be a better player than Tomkins, he (Tomkins) does not like to clap his hands to

acknowledge an abstract truth, but he is, nevertheless, obliged to do so in deference to the chivalrous observances of the concert-room. There are persons of malicious propensities, who observe how artists comport themselves on occasions of a very near rivalry. Some will watch whether Mori changes colour at a passage of double notes, played exquisitely in tune by De Beriot—others, whether Moscheles applauds, and appears to feel the true interest in the successful execution of Cramer. By turns, all go through this ordeal, and all writhe under it. Paganini himself is hardly safe, for some day Apollo may descend from the clouds, or emerge from an obscure town in Italy to play a "perpetual motion" rondo in double notes, and so cause him to break his fiddle in despair.

There is a comic side to this serious consideration. Children yet hardly out of the bib and tucker one finds beset by all the artistical jealousies of those of larger growth, but the honest *little* people who have not learned the art to conceal their feelings, betray themselves so ludicrously that we laugh, and love them all the better at the same time. It was but a short time ago that we heard one of three sisters (very young performers, already with something of the pride of execution, and expecting a relative of their own age from the country, who was to eclipse them in performance) say to another, "When is that odious little Mary coming?" If we possessed the faculty of Asmodeus, or, according to the Arabian fiction, could look in at the window of every performer's breast, we should detect a large variety of the same feeling.

What a mingled source of good and evil is our self-love or vanity! How much do we not endure to preserve that precious quality through our journey in this life free from all rubs and mischances! and how vain the effort! In music, let no one expect to escape. The acquisition of the practical part of that art is a continued contest, in which sometimes the music, sometimes the performer, is conqueror, leaving it a question whether the mortifications do not outnumber the pleasures of victory. Then the reward for having a name as a performer, is to keep the field against all comers—not only against rivals in execution, but against all challenges in the shape of new music, with its never-ending difficulties; and after all this turmoil and labour, when it can no longer be procrastinated, comes the inevitable evil day, when the player must, for the rest of his life, consent to ride behind. Once fairly beaten—"the shine" gone—that which kept him in good humour with his own exertions, and the performer never recovers his position. A fate so common, however, reads its own lesson of resignation, and the necessity of meeting it with a calm face. The fairest lady that ever had train of lovers sighing at her feet must, in the course of a few years, turn dragon, to guard in others that beauty which was wont to be guarded in herself.

There is not a more common habit than that of looking only at the pleasant side of the artist's attainments, without considering its counterbalancing mortifications—but if both sides were duly estimated the result would be less enviable than is imagined. The pleasure of pleasing others and of receiving their applause in return, is doubtless great. But suppose this gift, coupled with the condition of an eternal reference to self—as from circumstances it necessarily is in every performance that comes near it—to what monotony is not the possessor bound down? The sympathy which he ought to possess with talent at large, is stopped at once by the question, "Cannot I do better?" In the concert-room, when he ought to be receiving pleasure, he is in an agony, and writhing under all sorts of jealous agitations. That which delighted others has sent him home in a fit of spleen, and gives him a horrid dream and an indigestion. It is so much the worse if the rival affect the purse as well as the fame; that brings the matter near to the decision of the stiletto. Handel and Mozart were both, at a certain period of their lives, in personal danger; but these are extreme instances. They, however, show some of the unpleasant accompaniments of eminence.

In our opinion there is no comparison between the amount of the pleasure enjoyed by an amateur, who, having no pretensions to support, is able to extract the good from all that he hears, and a mechanical artist with his narrow sphere of pleasures, and his excitements clouded by perpetual horrors of rivalry.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.
METROPOLITAN.

MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The seventh meeting of this society took place at Free-mason's Hall on the 18th, Sir John Rogers, Bart., the President, in the chair. Mr. Hawes being absent, Mr. E. Taylor conducted the music. The following selection was given:—

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|-----------|
| Laudate nomen..... | Dr. Tye..... | 4 Voices. |
| All creatures now..... | Bennet..... | 5 Voices. |
| Dissi al'amata..... | Marenzio..... | 4 Voices. |
| April is in my mistress face..... | Morley..... | 4 Voices. |
| The white delightsome swan..... | Vecchi..... | 5 Voices. |
| Thou art but young..... | Willye..... | 6 Voices. |
| Fair nymphs I heard..... | Farmer..... | 6 Voices. |
| Siat avertiti..... | Feretti..... | 5 Voices. |
| Tu es sacerdos, in G..... | Leo..... | 4 Voices. |
| Give me my heart..... | Weekes..... | 5 Voices. |
| Fillida mea..... | Marenzio..... | 5 Voices. |
| Fire! Fire!..... | Morley..... | 5 Voices. |
| Now each creature..... | Farmer..... | 4 Voices. |
| Wayttes—Fa la la..... | Saville..... | 4 Voices. |

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The 101st anniversary of this excellent society took place on the 19th inst., the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, supported by Lord Burghersh, Sir John Campbell, Colonel Jones, Sir C. M. Clarke, Sir R. Gill, Dr. Billing, T. H. Hall, Esq., J. Houship, Esq., J. Curtis, Esq., — Bulwer, Esq., M.P., &c. &c. About 250 ladies and gentlemen partook of an excellent dinner, after which *Non Nobis* was sung with a fine effect by a host of vocalists. Horsley's glee, "See the chariot," Calcott's "Father of heroes," Knyvett's "Where is the nymph?" and Dr. Roger's "Come all noble souls," were well sung. Mrs. Knyvett gave Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me," very sweetly, and Miss Hawes was encored in a ballad of her own, "Tis sweet to love thee, maiden." Mr. Parry, jun., gave his "Buffo Trio Italiano," which was vociferously encored, when he gave a totally different version of it with increased effect. Two marches composed by Haydn and Winter for the society were finely performed. A beautiful serenade for pianoforte, harp, violin, clarinet, and bassoon, was admirably performed by Mrs. Anderson, T. Wright, Blagrove, Willman, and Baumann. It consists of several melodies from the compositions of Mozart, Haydn, Cherubini, Spontini, &c., arranged in a most masterly and effective manner by Hummel and Moscheles; all the instruments become obligato in their turn. We are happy to learn that the proceedings of the festival not only afforded a high musical treat to the company, but they added to the funds of the charity.

GLEE CLUB.—The last meeting of the present season took place on Saturday, J. Capel, Esq., in the chair. The following compositions were sung:—"Down in a flow'ry vale," "Oh, bird of eve," "When winds breathe soft," "Go, feeble tyrant," "Ye spotted snakes," "Now the bright morning star," "Where the bee sucks," "Nymphs of the forest," "Flora gave me," "A generous friendship." Mr. Neate played a fantasia on the pianoforte on "Rule Britannia." Mr. Parry played a divertimento on the double flageolet, accompanied on the pianoforte by Parry, jun., who sung an excellent parody on "The Old English Gentleman."

MISS STEELE'S CONCERT.—This young lady's concert took place at the Music Hall, Store Street, on Friday evening last. The vocalists were Mesdames Birch, Wyndham, Dolby, and Woodyatt, with Messrs. Parry, Bennet, Brizzi, and Seguin, besides the Fair Beneficiaire who, in her singing of a Scotch ballad, drew forth the vehement plaudits of a numerous audience. Mori, Chatterton, and Madame Dulcken in their respective solos obtained the applause their admirable playing merited; and we must also mention Mr. Richardson's beautiful accompaniment to Miss Steele's singing of the air, "Long I've watched beneath the willow," from Weber's *Euryanthe*. The frequency of the encores protracted the concert, which was led by Mori and conducted by Lavenu, to a late hour.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The concert of Monday evening was honoured with

the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and proved more attractive than any of the present season hitherto given. The following is the programme :—

Act 1.—Sinfonia in D, No. 5, Mozart. Aria, Signor Ivanoff, "Oh ! cara immagine" (*Il Flauto Magico*), Mozart. Ottetto, for violin, two violas, violoncello, contra-basso, clarinet, and two horns, Messrs. David, Dando, Hill, Lindley, Dragonetti, Willman, P. Hardy, and C. Harper; Spohr. Cavatina, Mademoiselle De Riviere, "Robert, toi que j'aime" (*Robert le Diable*), Meyerbeer. Overture (MS.), "The Wood Nymphs," W. S. Bennett. Act. 2.—Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven. Recitative ed Aria, Miss Masson, "Che faro" (*Orfeo*), Gluck. Introduction and Russian Air Varié, Mr. David; David. Duetto, Mademoiselle De Riviere and Signor Ivanoff, "Rasseren o caro" (*Guglielmo Tell*), Rossini. Overture in D, A. Romberg. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer; Conductor, Mr. Moscheles.

The execution of Mozart's symphony was perfect, and exhibited the discipline of the band under the baton of Moscheles to much advantage. Sterndale Bennett's MS. overture displays a thorough knowledge of orchestral effect; it was highly and deservedly applauded. The "Sinfonia Eroica" of Beethoven commenced the second part, and was decidedly the feature of the instrumental selection. This concert introduced to a London audience Mademoiselle de Riviere, a young and promising vocalist. It is to be regretted that the song chosen for her *début* was not the most fortunate; she, however, displayed in it, as well as in the duet with Ivanoff, a pleasing voice of moderate power, which produced a favourable impression on the audience. David's performance gave us no occasion to alter the opinion we have before expressed of his talents as a violinist and composer for his instrument. Ivanoff, in the favourite air "Oh ! cara immagine," was encored; and Miss Masson's singing of "Che farò" deserved praise. Romberg's overture in D terminated a long but interesting concert.

MRS. HENRY MASON'S SOIREE MUSICALE.—This lady, whose talents have been long known in private circles, made her *début* on Tuesday evening last at Willis's Rooms before a crowded and fashionable audience, including the Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess of Buckingham, the Marquis of Huntley, &c. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, under whose patronage the soiree took place, was expected, but for some reason did not make his appearance. The programme consisted of a selection principally from the compositions of Mrs. Mason, and the whole performance reflected the highest credit on the lady's talents. We may particularise her playing of Herz's variations on Weber's last waltz on the pianoforte, her execution on the harp, and her accompaniment to several of her own compositions. Spohr's beautiful duet, "Fairest maiden," was nicely sung by Miss Cawthorn and Miss Dolby; it was accompanied with much judgment by Mr. T. H. Severn. Giubilei sung the air of "Miei rampolli" admirably. Mrs. Mason has announced another soiree for the 7th of May, which we trust will be as well attended as that of Tuesday evening.

MR. KELLNER'S SOIREE MUSICALE.—This gentleman gave a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday evening. The vocalists announced were Mademoiselle Bulling, Misses Birch, Cawthorn, Masson and Rainforth, Messrs. Allen, J. Bennett, T. Cooke, Severn, Hatton and Giubilei. Mr. Kellner played a fantasia of Thalberg's with great spirit, mastering the difficulties of the composition in a very creditable manner. Madile, Bulling's excessive timidity prevented our judging favourably of a voice which might, under other circumstances, give pleasure to her hearers. Giubilei, in the absence of Mr. Hatton, sang "La Tarantella," and gave great satisfaction. Giulio Regondi delighted his hearers both by his performance on the guitar and concertina.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.—A man in Germany advertised that he had an organ that would play any tune out of an enumerated set at the command of any one of the audience; this made a great noise at the time, and puzzled all the conjurors and philosophers of the place. The organ was placed on a table with its back against the wall, the company were invited to examine it, then ask for a tune, which was immediately played, and if any one desired it to stop it was instantly silent! This went on for a long time, and the ingenious inventor was making a rapid fortune, and the secret would have been buried with him, had he not behaved most inharmoniously towards his loving wife one day, just before the performance was about to commence. The room was crowded, as usual, and a

tune was called for, but not a note was heard; the owner became uneasy, and said, in a soothing coaxing tone, "Do blay, my coot organs;" still not a sound was heard: he got out of patience, and threatened to smash the instrument to pieces, when a hoarse female voice was heard to growl out—"Ay, do, you tyvel, preal de organs, as you proke my head dis morning." This was too much for the choleric German; he took a chair, and gave the instrument such a whack that drove it through a paper partition in the wall, carrying with it another organ, which had been placed close at the back of the sham one, at which sat the obstinate grinder—his wife!—*Cheltenham Looker-On.* [The late Maelzel, with his automaton chess-player and automaton trumpeter, was more fortunate in his domestic relations, we conclude; we believe he never was found out.—ED. M.W.]

CONCERTS, &c., OF THE WEEK.

This day—the Meeting of the Melodists' Club, Lord Burghersh in the chair, to which Panoska (the violinist), Benedict, Puzzi, Harper, jun., and a host of vocalists have been invited.

To-morrow evening—a Concert at the Hanover Rooms, for the benefit of the St. Pancras Dispensary; also Lady Curtis's Soirée Musicale.

Saturday morning—the Academy of Music Concert.

Monday—the Société Harmonique; also the rehearsal of the ancient Concert, in the morning.

Tuesday morning—the Rehearsal at St. Paul's; and in the evening Cooke's new Opera, at Covent-garden Theatre.

Wednesday evening—the fourth ancient Concert.

Thursday morning—the performance in St. Paul's for the benefit of the sons of the Clergy; in the evening Mr. Kollmann's Concert at the Hanover Square Rooms.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are out of town, and cannot put our hands upon one or two correspondents' letters, which we sadly fear are standing over still with claims upon us. Let them think of the country, and have patience. So shall their next excursion do them good.

Yiog Δαβιδ is informed that he is the greatest wag in Israel. His letter would subject us to a double advertisement-duty—one for admitting the *puff* personal, and another for admitting the *puff* impersonal. The lady would blush pink, and we should blush crimson, and besides all this blushing mischief, we trust we have hopes at Court, not rashly to be thrown away on the Quixotic enterprise to which we are urged by the son of David. That our correspondent was meant for a knight errant, and was to have been born seven hundred years ago—that he lives now by mistake, and that he is at this time the sole depository of the spirit of the chivalric ages—of all this we entertain not the shadow of a doubt. But we are common mortals, made of the same clay as the houses we live in, and we feel we are not disciples likely to do credit to the heroic instructions of such a master. We must hope to achieve the objects proposed by *Yiog Δαβιδ* by other means more in unison with our degenerate natures than those he propounds in terms of such enchanting eloquence.

JUST Published, KUHLAU'S OPERA, "LULU," arranged for the Pianoforte solo. Price 6s. Gems of German Song, Book 5. Price 5s. Diabelli's Melodious Exercises, Book 3. Price 2s. 6d.

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ZAIDA.—POSTHUMOUS OPERA of MOZART.—It is generally known to the admirers of the immortal Mozart, that, at his death, he left the score of an Opera nearly completed. This, with other MSS., was purchased by Mr. Andre, of Offenbach, who has been engaged for some time past in preparing it for publication.

The Pianoforte Score, with Italian and German words will be published on the 13th of May next.

Price to subscribers, 15s. Also on the same day the whole of the Music, arranged for the Pianoforte Solo.

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MR. NEATE'S SOIRES MUSICALES.

M R. NEATE has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL SOIRES will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursdays, May 9, May 23, and June 6th, upon the same scale as last year. Tickets 7s. each, or Four for One Guinea, may be had of Mr. Neate, 8, Argyll Place, and at all the principal music-sellers.

SSECOND-HAND Square PIANOFORTE, by PAPE. One of the best grand Squares of that eminent maker will be sold cheap, the owner being obliged to leave England. May be seen at J. Alfred Novello's Music Warehouse, 69, Dean Street, Soho.

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SERENADE, by **HUMMEL** and **MOSCHELES**, for Piano, Harp, Violin, Clarinet or Viola, and Bassoon or Cello.—This day is published, the **SERENADE** which created so much sensation at the Dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians, and at Mr. Moscheles Morning Concert, price 10s. The Serenade for piano, solo, 5s. London: J. Alfred Novello, 69, Dean-street, Soho.

* A serenade, arranged by Hummel and Moscheles, for pianoforte, violin, harp, clarinet, and bassoon, on subjects taken from the compositions of Mozart, Haydn, Cherubini, and Spontini, was most admirably performed by Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Blagrove, T. Wright, Willman, and Baumann. Each instrument in its turn becomes obligato, while the rest perform an accompaniment. Solos are alternately played, and variations on the various themes, among which are Mozart's "Tre bei garzen" and "Regna Amore," from the *Zauberflöte*; the overtures to *Clemenza di Tito* and *Figaro*; "Sull' Aria," from the latter opera; "Giovinezze che forte," from *Don Giovanni*; air in Spontini's *Le Vestale*; "With verdure clad," from Haydn's *Creation*, &c. It would be invitations to select any one in particular of the performers mentioned. They all, in turn displayed a mastery over their instruments which called forth an expression of universal approbation.—Notice of Royal Society's Dinner, *Morning Post*.

MADAMES GRISI, PERSIANI, GARCIA, ALBERTAZZI, STOCKHAUSEN, DE RIVIERE, and BALFE. Signori RUBINI, IVANOFF, TAMBURINI, LABLACHE, &c. &c., and all the available instrumental talent, including M. Dolher on the Pianoforte, M. Alex. Batta on the Violoncello, Messrs. David, Blagrove, and Mori on the Violin, &c. &c., will be engaged for M. BENEDICT'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT in the Concert Room of her Majesty's Theatre, on Wednesday, May 22, at two o'clock precisely. Conductor, Signor Costa. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, for which an early application is respectfully solicited, may be had at Addison and Beale's, 204, Regent-street; Chappell's Mori and Lavenu's, Mills's, and Charles Olivier's, New Bond-street; Mitchell's Royal Library and Lonsdale's, Old Bond-street; M. Benedict's, 8, Bruton-street.

The Proprietors of "The Musical World" have the pleasure to announce to its Friends and Subscribers, that they have succeeded in engaging, as its permanent Editor, a gentleman of distinguished reputation as an Author and Musical Critic, under whose auspices a variety of new and attractive features will be introduced into the Work, which, however, by the accession of the several eminent Contributors whom he will bring with him, will lose none of the spirit of its old attraction. In consequence of this important addition to the strength of the Periodical, the Proprietors take the opportunity to close the present Volume, and to announce that the First Number of the New Volume, which will appear on Thursday morning next, will contain the Editor's Opening Address, and explain the many new resources of amusement and information which will henceforth be laid bare to the Readers and Patrons of "The Musical World."

HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row, and the following Agents:—

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